

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Snowbound.

pelled the other to go on, and explain

The gleam in Hamlin's eyes im-

"Lord, I know how yer feel, strang-

ed an', I reckon, if yer was to plug

me right yere it wouldn't more'n even

matters up. But yer listen furst afore yer shoot. Thet Kiewa Klack Smoke

was sent on ahead, an' got yere afere

the storm. He said them other wus

bout four hours behind, an' headin'

fer this yere cabin to make camp.

They wa'n't hurryin' none, fer they

didn't suspect they was bein' tracked.

Well, thet was my chance; what I'd

been campin' out yere months a wait-

fn' fer. I didn't expect ter git nuthin

"And get the girl and the money."

in my face, I couldn't see much-nuth

away a couple o' times at the others

One fell down, an' I thought I got

him, but didn't wait to make sure;

just turned and hoofed it fer cover,

trail. I'd got the men I went after,

an' just natch'ally didn't give er whoop

what became o' the rest. As I went

hend his character. Killing was part

preciate Hughes' eagerness for re-

Finally he got up, swept the revolver

knowin' the storm would hide my

shot at him afore he saw me."

on the bench into his pocket, walked over, and picked up the gun,

"Now, Hughes," he said quietly, "Til talk, and you listen. In my judg ment you are a miserable sneaking cur, and I am going to trust you just so far as I can watch you. I suppose I ought to shoot you where you are, and have done with it. You killed one friend of mine, Sam Wasson-" "Who?"

"Sam Wasson, a government scout." liughes dropped his face into his

"Good Lord! I knew him!" The Sergeant drew a deep breath and into his face there came a look almost of sympathy.

"Then you begin to realize the sort of fool you are," he went on soberly. They don't make better men out here: his little finger was worth more than your whole body. But killing you won't bring Sam back, and besides I reckon you've told me the straight story, an' his shooting was an accident in a way. Then you're more use ful to me just now alive than you would be dead. My name is Hamlin, sergeant Seventh Cavalry, and I am here after that man Le Fevre trailed his outfit from Dodge until the storm struck us, and then came straight through traveling by compass. I did not know the man's name was Le Fevre until you told me; up in Kansas he is known as Dupont.

"That's it; that's the name he took when he sold the cattle."

"The officer robbed and killed was Major McDonald, and it is his daughter they hold. The fellow Dupont quarreled with and shot was a deserter named Connors. We found the body. Now where do you suppose Le Fevre is?"

Hughes stared into the fire, nervous-

ly pulling his beard. Wall, I'd say in west yere some whar along the Cimarron. "Tain't likely he had a compass, an' the wind wus from the nor east. Best they could do, the ponies would drift. The Injuns would keep the gineral direction, o' course, storm 'er no storm, an' tion, o' course, storm 'er no storm, an' In the silence they could hear the Gene is some plainsman himself, but herce beating against the door, the thet blizzard would sheer 'em off all shrieking of the storm-fiend encomthe same. I reckon they're under the passing them about. banks ten taile, er more, up thar. An' soon as there's a change in weather. they'll ride for Black Kettle's camp.

Thet's my guess, mister.

Hamlin turned the situation over eliberately in his mind, satisfied that Hughes had reviewed the possibilities back, y' understand; all I wanted was correctly. If Le Fevre's party had got ter kill that damn skunk, an' squar through at all, then that was the most accounts. It looked ter me then like likely spot for them to be hiding in to patience, the delay left marks in I hed him on the hip. He didn't know I was in the kintry; all I hed to do They would have drifted beyond doubt, farther than Hughes supposed, was lay out in the hills, an' take a potprobably, as he had been sheltered stantly, even in moments of uneasy from the real violence of the wind as "As God is my witness, I never thought bout thet. I jest wanted ter it raged on the open plain. They might be fifteen, even twenty miles away, and so completely drifted in as plug him. I know it sounds sorter cowto be undiscoverable except through ardly, but that fellow 's a gun-fighter, accident. What course then was best an' he hed two Injuns with him. Anyto pursue? The storm was likely to how that wus my notion, an' as soon continue violent for a day, perhaps as Black Smoke went lopin' up the two days longer. His horses were ex-hausted, and Carroll helpless. It oaded up, an' climbed them bluffs, to whar I hed a good look-out erlong the north trail. I laid out thar might not even be safe to leave the latter alone. Yet if the frozen man could be left in the hut to take care all night. The storm come up, an' I mighty nigh froze, but snuggled down of himself and the ponies, would there inter ther snow an' stuck. When yer be any hope of success in an effort to onc't get a killin' freak on, yer goin' proceed up the river on foot? through hell an' high water ter get could make Hughes go-that wasn't yer man. Thet's how i felt. Well, the difficulty-but probably they just long bout daylight an outfit couldn't cover five miles a day through showed up. With my eyes half froze the snowdrifts. And, even if they over, an' ther storm blowin' the snow did succeed in getting through in time to intercept the fugitives, the others in' but outlines o' hosses ar' men. would possess every advantage-both But thar was four o 'em, an' a big position for defense, and horses on fellow ahead breakin' trail. Course which to escape. Hughes, lighting his I thought it was Le Fevre; I wa'n't pipe, confident now in his own mind lookin' fer no one else, an' soon as I that he was personally safe, seemed dared, I let drive. He flopped over to sense the problem troubling the dead as a door nail, an' then I popped

Sergeant. "I reckon I know this kentry well 'nough," he said lazily. "ter give yer a pointer er two. I've rounded up long horns west o' yere. Them fellers ain't goin' to strike out fer the Canadian till after the storm quits. By thet time yer ponies is rested up in better shape than theirs will be, and down the bank I heard 'em shootin', so I knowed some wus alive yet an' it we kin strike 'cross to the sou'west We're bound either to hit 'em, or ride would be better fer me to crawl inter my hole an' lie still" 'cross thar trail.'

"But the woman!" protested Ham-Hamlin sat motionless, staring at lin, striding across the floor. "What the man, not quite able to compremay happen to her in the meanwhile! She is an Eastern girl unaccus-tomed to this life—a—a lady." of the western code, and he could ap-

"Yer don't need worry none 'bout venge, but the underlying cowardice in the mam was almost bewildering. stan' more'n a man when she has to. his life on the altar to save her.

long with Gene an' them Cheyenne ing in his heart-hope that he might bucks, but if she's pulled through so yet wring from Le Pevre a confes-far, thar ain't nuthin' special goin' ter sion that would clear his name. He happen till they git to the Injun

in council?"

"Sure; thet's Cheyenne law Le Pevre knows it, an' ol' Koleta would knife him in a minute if he got gay. He's a devil all right—thet ol' buck but he's afraid of Black Kettle, an' thar won't be no harm done to the gal.

The Sergeant walked over to fire, and stared down into the red embers, striving to control himself. He realized the truth of all Hughes said. and yet had to fight flercely his inclination to hasten to her rescue. The very thought of her alone in those ruthless hands was torture. There was no selfishness in the man't heart, no hope of winning this girl for himself, yet he knew now that he loved her; that for him she was the one woman in all the world. Her face was in his memory; the very soughing of the wind seemed her voice calling him. But the real man in him-the plainsman of the best men who ever lived, a instinct-conquered the impetuosity of the lover. There must be no mistake made-no rash, hopeless effort Better delay, than ultimate failure, and Hughes' plan was the more practical way.

"You're right, old man. We'll wait," he said sternly. "Now to get ready. Have you a corral?"

The other made a gesture with h.. hand.

"Twenty rod b'low, under the bluff," "We'll drive the horses down, feed and water them. But first come with me: there is a half-frozen man up you-

They plowed through the snow together, choking and coughing in the thick swirl of finkes that beat against their faces. The three horses, powdered white, stood tails to the storm with head to the bluff while the drifts completely covered Carroll. He was sleeping, warm in the blankets, and the two men picked him up and stumbled along with their burden to the shelter of the cabin. Then Hughes faced the blizzard again, leading the horses to the corral, while Hamlin ministered to the semi-conscious soldier, laying him out upon a pile of soft skins, and vigorously rubbing his limbs to restore circulation. The man was stupid from exposure, and in some pain, but exhibited no dangerous symptoms. When wrapped again in his blankets, he fell instantly asleep. Hughes returned, mantled with snow, and, as the door opened, the howl of the storm swept by.

"No better outside?" "Lord, no! Worse, if anything Wind more east, sweepin' the snow up the valley. We'll be plum shet up in an hour, I reckon. Hosses all right, though."

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Chase.

Hamlin never forgot those two days and nights of waiting, while the storm roared without and the clouds of drifting snow made any dream of advance impossible. Trained as he was his face, and his nerves throbbed with pain. His mind was with her con-



Her Face Was In His Memory.

sleep, picturing her condition unsheltered from the storm and protected only by Le Feyre and his two Indian allies. If he could only reach them, only strike a blow for her release, it would be such a relief. The uncer tainty weighed upon him, giving unrestricted play to the imagination, and, incidentally awakening a love for the gir! so overwhelming as almost to frighten him He had fought this feeling heretofore, deliberately, satisfied that such ambition was hopeless. He would not attempt to lower her to his she would have been thrown to the level, nor give her the unhappiness of knowing that he dared misconstrue her frank friendliness into aught more tender. But these misfortunes had changed the entire outlook. Now he her in my arms, and-here's half a thet. Ef she's the right kind she'll flung all pretense aside, eager to place I reckon it won't be none too pleasant Even a dim flame of hope began blaz-

knew his man at last-knew him, and would track him now with all the piti-"You mean her fate will be decided less ingenuity of a savage. Once he could stand erect, absolved of disgrace, a man again among men, he would ignore the uniform of the ranks. and go to her with all the pride of his race. Ay! and down in his beart he knew that she would welcome his coming; that her eyes would not look at the uniform, but down into the depths of his own.

He thought of it all as he paced the floor, or stared into the fire, while outside the wind raged and howled, piling the snow against the cabin front, and whirling in mad bursts up the valley. It would be death to face the fury of i' on those open plains. There was nothing left him but to swear, and pace back and forth. Twice he and Hughes fought their way to the cor ral, found the horses sheltered in a tittle cove, and brought them food and water. The struggle to accom plish this was sufficient proof of the impossibility of going farther. Exhausted and breathless they staggered back into the quietness of the cabin feeling as though they had been beaten by clubs Once, desperate to attempt something, Hamlin suggested search ing for the bodies of Wasson and Wade, but Hughes shook his head. staring at the other as though half believing him demented. The Sergeant strode to the door and looked out into the smother of snow; then came back without a word of protest

Carroll improved steadily complain ing of pain where the frost had nipped exposed flesh, yet able to sit up, and cat heartily. There remained a numbness in his feet and legs, however, which prevented his standing slone, and both the others realized that he would have to be left behind when the storm abated. Hughes would go without doubt: on this point the Sergeant was determined. He did not altogether like or trust the man; he could not blot from memory the cowardly shot which killed Wasson, nor entirely rid himself of a fear that he. himself, had failed an old comrade, in not revenging his death; yet one thing was clear—the man's hatred for Le Fevre made him valuable Treacherous as he might be by nature, now his whole soul was bent on revenge Moreover he knew the lay of the land. the trail the fugitives would follow and to some extent Black Kettle's camp Little by little Hamlin drew him every detail of Le Fevre's life in the cattle country, becoming more and more convinced that both men were thieves, their herds largely stolen through connivance with indians. Undoubtedly Le Feyre was the bigger rascal of the two, and pos sessed greater influence because of his marriage into the tribe

It was the second midnight when The wind died down. Hamlin, sleeping fitfully, seemed to sense the change; he rose, forced the door open, and peered out eagerly. There was lightness to the sky, and all about, the unbroken expanse of snow sparkled in cold crystals. Nothing broke the white desolation but the dark waters of the river still unfrozen, and the gaunt limbs of the cottonwoods, now standing naked and motionless. The silence was profound, seeming almost painful after the wild fury of the past days. He could hear the soft purr of the water, and Carroll's heavy breath-And it was cold, bitterly cold, ing the chill of it penetrating to his very bones. But for that he had no carehis mind had absorbed the one impor tant fact; the way was open, they He shook Hughes roughly into wakefulness, giving utterance to sharp, tense orders, as though he dealt with a man of his own troop.

"Turn out, lively, now, Yes, the storm is over, it's midnight, or a little after, and growing cold. Put on your heavy stuff, and bring up the two best horses. Come, now; you'll step off quicker than that, Hughes, if you ride with me. I'll have everything ready by the time you get here. Eat! Heil! We'll eat in the saddle! What's that, Carroll?"

"Ye ain't a goin' to leave me yere alone, are ye, Sergeant?"

"No; there'll be two horses to keep you company You've got a snap man; plenty to eat, and a good firewhat more do you want-a nurse Hughes, what, in the name of Heaven are you standing there for? Perhaps you would like to have me stir you I will if those horses are not here up. in ten minutes."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wanted Another Opportunity "Look here," he said to the "are you the man who put the endste on Miss Jennie's horse?

"Yes, sir Anything wrong, sir?" "It was loose very loose. She had no sooner mounted than the saddle slipped, and if I hadn't caught her ground." "I'm very sorry, str."

"But I did eatch her." went on the young man, meditatively. "I caught crown for you, John. Do you suppose you could leave the girth loose when

we go riding again tomorrow?"

of unconscious meaning. But per haps the finest approach to pe was made by a tiny tot who defined dew as "the grass crying." heaven, where I came from." And auntie!" said the little girl, "I've just what a fund of suggestion was con seen a pencil walking." The nurse seen a pencil walking." The nurse, who had grown out of fairyland, ex-The purse plained that it was only an ordinary

MILLS OF CAPE COD

Old Time Relics That Remind One of Holland.

Ancient Structures Stay on the Job In Spite of Their Advanced Age-No More Like Them in the United States.

New York .- "Is this Holland?" asked a six-year-old boy from New York of his mother as he saw an old windmill on Cape Cod when he alighted from the train.

And well he might ask this question, as these mills, now valuable land-marks, remind one of scenes in Holland—the awkward-looking square boxes supported from the ground by means of posts with great fans connected with their tops.

One of the greatest spectacles on Cape Cod is its old mills. There are only a very few of these; they are not found in every village, by any means. A canvass shows that there are only a mere half dozen on the cape; but there are no more like them in the United States.

Years ago these structures were built for the purpose of grinding corn into meal, or pumping salt water into wooden vats to manufacture salt by evaporation. Although the salt works disappeared many years ago, and most of the mills cannot be used for grinding grain, they are worth more in their present state than at the time they were built. Summer residents, for the most part, have bought these mills and had them removed to secluded spots, where they will be free from devasta-

There are mills in the villages of Harwichport, Brewster, Chatham, Yarmouthport and Dennis, and one on Nantucket island.

The oldest is at Harwichport, and is known as " .ker's mill." said to have been built in 1690. There are only a very few shingles on its walls at present, and to the casual visitor it looks only good for kindling wood.

At Brewster there is one of these mills which is still in good working order. Its owner, Henry Hopkin ., a blacksmith, does a great portion of his work with it. He saws all his fire wood with its power, grinds grain in large quantities, makes cider during the fall, and uses its force in many other ways. Summer visitors are often entertained for hours at a time watching it work. Mr. Hopkins is able to grind a hundred bushels of grain in an eight-hour day when there is a fair breeze. spite the fact that ordinarily it takes



Old Mill at Brewster.

a ten or twelve horse power engine to turn a saw with sufficient speed to saw logs into firewood, the owner cuts all his wood without difficulty and does it as quickly as he could with an en-

gine. The mill has four "fans," each of which is about fifteen feet long and six feet wide. On these are stretched strips of tough canvas; these form tho "sails." Each fan is eet at a slight angle, so that the wind blowing against it forces it over. It is made on the same plan as a common windmill. The mill is faced toward the wind, so that the whole force comes against the surface of the canvas. The whole mill itself sets upon a sort of a "railroad track," the wheels turning the structure to the desired point. It is wonderful with what ease these mills are turned; it requires only a slight pressure of a wooden stick to whirl the mill. When it is set at the desired angle and all is ready the fans are unchained, and 'round goes' the wheel. Inside there is a rumbling sound much like that of distant thunder, a speeding freight train or the whir of a revolving paddle wheel on a side-wheeler steamer. The mill shakes considerably, and anyone who happens to be in it rushes out the doorall except the owner, who smokes a pipe and acts as though he was enjoying himself immensely.

The mill is also made to turn grindstones, separators, washing machines, and the like.

GIRL WEEPS SELF TO DEATH

Dies in Hospital When Family Refuses to Take Her When They Went on a Visit.

Kansas City.-Grieved because her mother and uncle had gone to Leavenworth to visit a friend without her, while she was making a call in this while she was making a call in this city, Miss Mary Harrison, twenty-three years old, of Sedalia, Mo., died at a hotel here. Deputy Coroner J. E. Spangler, who examined the body, said the girl had wept herself to death. She died half an hour before Mrs. Louise Harrison, her mother, and T. W. Robbins, the uncle, returned from their tries of a few homes. from their trie of a few bours.



Her Father—Have you a f

Her Lover-No; but I have 10,000 acres of pine timber. Her Father—Great! Have a dr good cigar and the girl!-New

"Better lap up that split milk," de the first cat. "If the missus sees the mess you'll catch fits."

"Not me," said the second feline.
"The woman I live with blames overthing on her husband."—Louisville

For Sunburn, Insect Bites, Ivy Poison or any other skin ini mation us Tyree's Antiseptic Pow. and get quick relief. 25c. at dr. gists. Sample sent free by J. S. Tyr Warhington, D. C.—Adv.

Nothing to Show. 'A doctor says thin men live long." "How about thin women?"

"Oh, life probably seems long to them in this diaphanous age."

His Position. "Is Jim the manager in his matri-

monial firm No; I think he is the floory aker. GRANULATED EYELIDS CU

Paradoxical Effort

"Pop, why do they put stops on "To make it go."

Mrs. Winslow's Southing Syrup for Ch sething, softens the gums, reduces infi-iion, allays pain, cures wind coile, Me a bot

Molten zinc instead of cement was used to bind together the stones in a bridge recently built in France

Be thrifty on little things like bluing. Don't accept water for bluing. Ask for head Cross Ball Blue. Adv.

Netherlands usually produces

enough hay for home consumption.

Folloy Kidney Pills Su because they are a good honest medicine that cannot help but heal kid ney and bladder ailments and urinary rregularities, if they are once takes into the system. Try them now for positive and permanent help.



Descriptions of Ordinary Things Show Imaginative Fancy That Does Not Survive the Years.

Children are born with a taste for knowledge. They want to know, and they want to know the right things. They ask questions, and are not easily They are fond of imitating which suggest a hidden mental power ter was coughing!"
what they see around them. They are bighly imaginative. They clothe their little girl who "gathered sunlight in childhood. We have this illustrated in the description of butterflies as

CHILDREN ARE REAL POETS | time when they were regarded as im- | knew something of the effects of heat , mature adults; we have learned that And how full of humor are some of the main aim of a teacher must be to the sayings of children It was Punch give the right tone to the feelingsgoodness in the abstract is of little

avail; the imagination must be stirred We are accustomed to believe that there is little reflection on the part of children and yet one cannot but see now and again gleams of though

we believe, who depicted Tommy, after he had been severely corrected as exclaiming: "I fink I'll go back to heaven, where I came from." veyed by the little girl who, on hearing a running tap, said that "the Wa-

"pansies flying." "A star is a cinde from God's areat star" has a wealth

The world likes to be smused therefore all the world loves a lover